

THE BAPTIST.

"BE YE STEADFAST, UNMOVABLE, ALWAYS ABOUNDING IN THE WORK OF THE LORD."

OLD SERIES, VOLS. 22 AND 8.

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, MARCH 23, 1899.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, No. 18

Southern Baptist Convention.

Will the brethren who are appointed from their Associations to the Convention, as well as those who desire appointments as delegates from the State, please send me a word to that effect. It will only take a line on a postal card, and will help very much in making up the delegation.

A. V. ROWE.

A fearful cyclone swept over Arkansas, Mississippi and Alabama last Sunday. On the Walker place, six miles from Pine Bluff, Ark., five houses were destroyed and a fine ginhouse blown into the river. negro woman and seven children were in one house which was blown over but they all escaped alive. Three people were killed at Walnut Lake, in Drew county.

At the Hodges place seven miles south of Iuka, Miss., three buildings were blown down, one of them was occupied by Mr. Roberts and family. This building was blown across the road with the family confined in it, only two of them were hurt, possibly not serious. The inhabitants of the other buildings all escaped unhurt. A child was killed at Bethlehem, Miss., and Lee Lamons was hurt by a falling limb. Eleven houses were blown down and two negroes killed in Chilton county, Alabama.

Still later news. Near Edwardsville, in Claborn county, Ala., Lewis Coffee and wife and eight children were killed outright and another little daughter dangerously wounded. An unknown woman was killed near Heflin, and thirteen others badly wounded.

A guttapercha tube, inclosing a copper wire and several smaller wires, has been discovered in Havana, in a little hut only about one hundred yards from the wreck of the Maine, and it is believed that these wires connected with the mine that destroyed the Maine.

In a riot in Havana last Sunday evening, between the police and the people of the city, three police men were killed. Peace does not seem to reign much there.

Senator J. K. Jones, of Arkansas, is still improving.

Rudyard Kipling is rapidly improving. The hope is he will soon be well again.

Senator John Sherman is at Kingston, Jamaica, and though he is still a very sick man, good hope for his speedy recovery is entertained.

Many of our exchanges have spoken in high commendation of *The Standard* of Chicago, but it richly deserves all the praise it receives. It and *The Examiner*, like Mr. Lincoln's hats, mutually excel each other.

Dr. Potts' church at Memphis, was asked for a thousand dollars last Sunday, with which to build a house of worship in Japan, for N. Maynard and wife, who went off from Big Hatchie. The request of the pastor was responded to in a few minutes by a contribution of \$1,043. We throw up our hat for Dr. P. and his noble church.

Last Sunday General Wheaton had another battle with the Filipinos. Our losses are estimated at seven killed and thirty wounded. It is claimed that over two hundred of the Filipinos were killed. They were driven back fifteen miles. These Islanders do not seem to know when they are whipped.

I preached in Starkville Sunday, had good congregations. I found the church in deep sorrow, over the death of their beloved pastor, Dr. Sellers. This man of God has done a great work at this place.

The brethren have just finished repairing their church, and it is certainly a beautiful house of worship.

Your brother,

H. P. HURT.
Kosciusko, Mar. 20, '99.

A man may beat down the bitter fruit from an evil tree until he is weary; whilst the root abides in strength and vigor, the beating down the present fruit will not hinder it from bringing forth more.

—John Owen.

Who Influenced Me Most?

Little do we appreciate the significance of words, or else we would be more keenly alive to the forces that flow in or upon us, consciously or unconsciously exerted.

Influence is oft times premeditated, directed in a certain channel, bent on accomplishing its aim regardless of hindrances, making its impress visible to the eye of the giver. Then, again, it flows steadily, quietly, in a continuous stream, content with a consciousness of duty done without apparent reward.

Character is molded day by day and many are the influences at work in its formation. But one dominates its life forming the substrata on which the structure rests. All good proceeds from God, of whom we are a part, but his agent in directing my steps in the better way, has been and is, my mother.

Whatever of holy desire lurks within this bosom has been awakened by her. Not one lecture on morals or knotty theological questions, do I recall as falling from her lips. No rigid rules laid down whose breaking would endanger the soul eternally, but a calm, consistent, holy, life, whose influence affected all within its radius; creating a desire for the happiness she enjoyed, which fully attested the source, divine.

The early morning work accomplished—the little parlor had two occupants, mother and her Bible. How softly we tread, how gently we whispered to each during this sacred hour; without a suggestion of silence from her, we instinctively avoided noise as a desecration of the holy time. I still see the beautiful calm that lighted her face when the door knob turned, and I knew mother was coming to her room again. The Bible replaced

on the shelf, the practical duties of life were assumed as if her reading and work were one and the same. And so they were, for no life ever more fully incorporated the teaching of Holy Writ than hers; and like the early disciples her children had no summary of doctrine, but the Christian graces existed as a fact, and that fact mother.

* * *

Dear Baptist:

We Baptists are an enterprising folk. Another "discover" has been made. This time the credit is due the enterprising bishop of the "church which is at" Corinth, Bro. E. L. Wesson. The denomination owes Bro. Wesson a debt of gratitude (?) for this discovery and proof(??) that the Lord's Supper comes in the room of the Passover. Now, if he will only "discover" and prove that baptism comes in the room of "circumcision," it will leave nothing more to be desired—"from a paedobaptist stand-point." We can then "rub-out" the Baptists and there will be one disturbing element less in Christian ranks.

N. W. P. BACON.
Oxford, Miss., March 11th, 1899.

Dreams of happiness we all indulge. But too many of us seek this happiness outside of ourselves—in riches, in learning, in adventure, in excitement, in fame, in novelty, in friendship, flying to the very ends of the earth in search of it, when lo, it was to be found all the time at home. "The kingdom of God is within you," and the happiness men desire can only be found under that kingdom. Happiness is not something that can be manufactured and then pressed upon one as a bargain. It is not obtainable from the outside; it is from within, and in this fact lies the great desirability of being a Christian, and the highest type of a Christian, coming entirely under the dominion of the spiritual.

D. L. Moody.

When Gladstone was dying, in the last few moments "Rock of Ages" was repeated at his bedside. When Prince Albert was dying he called for this hymn and passed away as it was sung.

That God has led, is a proposition demonstrated in sacred, profane and individual history. How he has led is a question of no little moment and not seen at a casual glance. How he will lead, is not a safe speculation, for his thoughts are not our thoughts, nor his ways our ways. What God reserves to himself is the privilege of guidance at his own indefinite discretion.—Ex.

Our Pulpit.

Salvation by Faith.

E. E. WALDRUP.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." —Acts XVI. 31.

We are at the threshold of the Philipian dungeon. How dark, dull, damp, and oathsome it seems. And all the more so because Paul and Silas are within. But listen! there is a song of gladness ringing through the corridors of the prison wall. As these beloved disciples lie prostrate on the ground, with their faces toward nadis, their feet in wooden stocks, and their backs gashed and bleeding from the whip of the Caesars, they sing and pray. You ask why are they here. I answer, because they have been trying to make the world better.

Joseph was cast in a deep pit, Daniel in a lion's den, Shadrack in a blazing furnace, Stephen was stoned, John Wesley was clubbed, Malanthon was anathematized. But Paul and Silas were manacled and pinioned in an inner prison of a Philipian jail, and as we listen at the mingling voices of sob and groan, of blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly a mighty earthquake twists the iron bars, the pillars crash, the masonry crumbles, and the doors are thrown open.

The jailer, feeling himself responsible for the prisoners within, feigned suicide as an honorable escape from this great excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out, "Do thyself no harm, we are all here." Methinks I see him, as he runs crazily through the debris and dust of that ruined prison, and throws himself almost unconsciously at the feet of the distinguished prisoners, and cries out, "What shall I do to be saved?" With a voice as placid as the spring dew of heaven, and as sweet scented as the gentle zephyrs from the orange groves of our southern shores, Paul answers, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

But this is not enough. The jailer must be informed of his life, his character, his work. The picture must be so well drawn as to invite admiration and love.

The Christ must be known in order to be trusted. So Paul proceeds at once to explain to him and all his house the beauty and holiness, the attractiveness and loveliness, the characteristic saving qualities of this man Christ Jesus. This demand on the part of the jailer was indeed rational. For surely no one would like to trust his timely and eternal destiny to one of whom he knew nothing.

"Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to children, but to the Pharisees. No sooner did Jesus appear than the children pitched from their mother's arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his lap. Jesus did not ask John to place his head upon his bosom, but through pure love and devotion the trusting disciple accomplished—the collier sunk. There is but one life-boat; just room

foundations of the commercial world and crash goes his magnificent business establishment. He has a beautiful home, a loving companion, accomplished daughter and a deserving son. When the electric button is pressed at eventide there is a happy unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident "down town." The telephone speaks in unmistakable terms, "your son has been instantly crushed to death by the ponderous wheels of a locomotive. The music ceases. The curtains drop. The merriment is hushed. The daughters bathe their pillows in tears. The mother wrings her hands in inexpressible grief. And the father distressingly cries, "Lord what must I do to be saved?" The same sweet voice which spoke to Elijah in Mt. Horreb and which spoke through Paul in Phillipi, whispers, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." So we may not have witnessed the quaking and trembling of this earth of ours, but some of us may have experienced the crash of all our domestic hopes and prospects and aspirations.

Let us notice in the next place how Paul answers the jailer. There are some documents of so little importance that we sign only our last name; others we sign our initials only, and still others so important that we sign our full name. So the Savior is sometimes called Lord, sometimes Jesus and sometimes the Christ. But this answer of Paul's was so important that he put the three names together—Lord Jesus Christ—that there might be no mistake about it.

He says, If you believe on me I will take away your sins. Then believe on him with all your heart and be saved. Christ is only wanting to get from you what you give your friends—confidence.

When we stand by the death pall of our loved ones, with their pale features and lifeless bodies lying before us, we do not want any one poetizing about us. There is nothing inviting about it. But if Christ is with you, it must be peaceful.

I had rather go down into the gulch of Mount Etna, into a cave of wild beasts, or into a jungle of reptiles, than to go down into a grave without Christ. But now that the glorious lamp of God hangs over my grave, and all of the darkness is driven away, I can enter without a shudder. Ay, when these eyes are closed, and these hands are folded over a still heart, then I shall only begin to live. To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ.

But now you go with Hobson to the fateful task. You have not been chosen one of the number, but like the poor German you make your way to the Merrimac as she puts to sea. The task is accomplished—the collier sunk. There

We know about the sunshine and gladness which he brought during his earthly pilgrimage, but

bosom and innocently asked, "Is it I?"

Then listen to the death rattle of the great sufferer as he hangs upon the cruel cross with his very life blood dripping upon the cheeks of the world as it sneeringly looked into the face of his anguish. Behold the cross as it lies on the earth with the blessed Jesus stretched upon its length and breadth. Close your tear-stained eyes, but listen as the soldiers drive the heavy spikes through nerve, and bone, and sinew, and muscle; through the right hand and through the left and through the anointed and tired feet as well. Listen as they plunge it into a hole three feet deep with all the weight of his body coming down upon the spikes. Listen as they throw in the dirt and tramp it down and tramp it hard. Well might they plant their Tree of Life thoroughly and deep for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore before.

But you say how are we to trust Christ? May God help me to tell you how. You trust your friend in the payment of a promised note at a given time. You trust your wife in preparing your meals that she provides something palatable and not poisonous. You place your life—your all—in the hands of an experienced pilot in the wilderness, knowing that he will carry you safely to open field. The blind man cannot see. He implicitly trusts his guide and fears no mishap in his pathway. Now I ask you to exercise the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ.

He says, If you believe on me I will take away your sins. Then believe on him with all your heart and be saved. Christ is only wanting to get from you what you give your friends—confidence.

There are four items here mentioned as making up the inventory of worship in the Jerusalem church.

1. *The teaching of the Apostles*—By this no doubt is meant that the congregation of believers met together to hear the preaching of the Apostles. These Apostolic preachers read portions of the Old Scriptures to the people. Such portions as touch upon the coming of the Messiah and the glory which should follow, supplemented by what the Lord taught them. What they had seen and heard and handled of the world of life. These believers had broken with the Rabbis and had adopted the new teachers under whose instruction they had been led to Christ, whose presence and power had been felt and seen through the operations of the Holy Spirit.

2. *Prayers*—They were given to much public prayer. They heard and received the Apostles' teaching, they contributed to the poor, they observed the Lord's Supper and they engaged in public prayer. These they did daily. How long these daily public services continued we can hardly tell. But as long as they were contin-

uous for Hobson and his chosen men. You stand back, but he says, Get on my brave man, I will stand the tempest of shot, and shell, and death. You are saved. He dies for you. Now you believe (you know) that the brave Hobson jeopardized his life for you, but you believe it with love, with tears, with grief—real grief, at his loss and joy at your deliverance. This is saving faith.

You sometimes cross a bridge on a country road. You know nothing of the bridge, but you say, This road has been traveled a great deal. The bridge has just been crossed. I am therefore willing to trust it for my safe passage. And here is an arched bridge, blasted from the Rock of Ages and built by the Architect of the universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and God asks you to walk across it and be saved. No tollage to pay, but cross over without money and without price.

I would like to tell you what it is to be saved, but I cannot. No man, no angel can. But one thing I do know: It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death, and a blissful eternity. No accident, no sickness, no peril. No sword can do me any permanent danger. I am a forgiven child of God, and he has sworn to see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the moon may be changed to blood, the sun may cease to shine, but life and death, things present and things to come, all are mine.

Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Signourney, Mr. Young, and other poets have written beautiful odes about death, but there is nothing beautiful about it.

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Oh, broken-hearted man and woman, how sweet it will be in that blessed home, to pour all your hardships, and bereavements, and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, and say, "You suffered with me on earth, come up now and be glorified with me in heaven."

when he carries us up to that house not made with hands," how great our glee. His voice has more music in it than all the oratorios of eternity.

Flushed Cheeks, Throbbing Temples, Nausea, Lissitude, Lost Appetite, Sallow Complexion, Pimples, Blotches, are warnings. Take Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine.

South Mississippi.

Dear Brother Searcy:

With your permission I will give you and your readers a partial description of my ministerial field and its needs.

I think I have a very important field, and one in which the needs are varied and great. At present I have calls to four churches, and appointments at four other places, three of which are on the railroad, one of them an incorporated town of two hundred or more inhabitants, and no other preaching in the town, and no organized church of any kind. But I hope soon to be regular, perhaps daily contributions of their means to help those who were in need. A need greatly increased by the peculiar situation of time, place and circumstance. They made large contributions. These they laid down at the Apostles feet. These generous gifts went to make that common fund from which the needy were supplied, the daily distributions of which led ultimately to appointment of the seven.

3. *The breaking of bread*—This is classed among the other public services and could not therefore refer to a private meal.

It is understood by nearly all as referring to the Lord's Supper. It seems to have been as regularly observed as the other public services. It was a part of the services in which they were steadfast. The 4th verse seems to imply that this breaking of the bread occurred daily. "And day by day continuing steadfastly with one accord in the temple and in breaking bread at home, they did take their food with gladness of heart, praising God, having favor with all the people." The meaning of the word *oikos* rendered "home" in the expression "in breaking bread at home" will hardly admit of any other meaning than that of a place of worship, a worship hall, or room or house.

In that case the breaking of bread at the house could not mean a private residence where the family simply eat a private meal. The idea manifestly is that these Christians worshiped in the temple and at other worship-rooms, where they observed the Lord's Supper.

4. *Prayers*—They were given to much public prayer. They heard and received the Apostles' teaching, they contributed to the poor, they observed the Lord's Supper and they engaged in public prayer. These they did daily.

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I have been in this part of the State about seven years. I came

here a stranger, and without a supply of this world's goods, so I felt compelled to do some manual labor to support my family, but seizing every opportunity to preach the gospel, I soon became acquainted all over the country for some distance, and often went and preached, when and where I could, with no promise from the churches of a support.

My convictions growing stronger all the time that I ought to give my entire time to the ministry, but the fact that I am in a country that does not support the ministry, and the fact that I am falling behind financially every year, and so getting in a worse and worse condition, led me to keep trying to better my financial condition, but I finally found this to be impossible so long as my time is divided between the gospel and the world. Then I must give up one or the other, and I cannot give up the preaching of the gospel. Nay, I had rather give up my life.

So I said I will preach and let other business alone. At that I was only preaching to two churches as pastor. Soon afterwards I was called to two others, and seeing the need of preaching at these other places, I gave out appointments at first one and then another, until I have four now and there are two or three more that I expect to preach at if I continue in this field.

Now I think this field ought to be helped and maintained by the State Board until it becomes self-supporting, which I think will only take a few years, with the right kind of preaching. But until then the man that preaches here must be partially sustained from an outside source, or he will have to follow some secular employment, and this he cannot do and be a faithful minister of the gospel of Christ. And as long as the preacher makes his own living on his farm or elsewhere his church will not be developed in giving, and then these mission stations will be very largely let alone.

This work as described, is located in the bounds of two Associations, both of which are in co-operation with the State Board.

MOZLEY'S LEMON HOT DROPS.
Cures all Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Hemorrhage, and all throat and lung diseases. Elegant, reliable, 25c at druggist. Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozley, Atlanta, Ga.

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Liver troubles quickly result in serious complications, and the man who neglects his liver has little regard for health. A bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters taken now and then will keep the liver in perfect order. If the disease has developed, Brown's Iron Bitters will cure it permanently. Strength and vitality will always follow its use. Brown's Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

Along the Line.

Dear Editor:

As this is my first letter since the consolidation of the *Record* and *Layman*, and it being rather late to congratulate the blending of said papers, all that is left for me to say concerning the matter is that I'm glad of the union, and hope the "marriage and harmony" will be perpetual and that no "demands" for some other "medium" will arise in our State. If some of our people want a "dollar paper," let them take *The Mississippi Baptist*.

How easy one can "get out of line" in matters. For example, the writer of "spoil paper" quite often for *The Record*, but of recent years he has almost "quit."

No loss to the public, of course, but we feel that we should be heard from sometimes, in order that the brotherhood may know of the Lord's cause in these parts—along the line of the G. & S. R. R. Our State Board is helping us some on this field.

We will not go into details of the work, but say we are doing right well, upon the whole—"everything considered." Several churches have been organized—one at Brooklyn last Sunday with twenty members—good prospects for work. Some houses built, others to follow—soon.

The "missionary" is preaching to seven churches and stations regularly.

J. F. BYNUM.

March 16th, 1899.

An Humble Tribute.

To the memory of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Dudley and Mrs. C. M. Bolls, of Utica, Miss.:

The home-going of these three, the first on the 22d, the other two on the 25th of February, 1899, has saddened my heart. They were my friends.

Who is thy friend? The man of truth and trust, In gladness near, in sorrow nearer still; To thy faults generous, to thy merits just; Thy help to every good from every ill. Whose love for world's hate might make amends,

Alas for it! This life has few such friends!

Such friends were these to me, more than twenty years ago, when a struggling student at Mississippi College, I knew them. I knew them in their beautiful home life; I knew them in their devotion to the cause of Christ; I knew them in their love for every interest that looked to the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom; I knew them in their fidelity to the cause of truth and rights; I knew them in their kindly sympathy for the distressed, and their loving helpfulness for the needy; withal, I

Another thing: The "second blessing," sinless perfection "fad" or theory, being "noised abroad" in great profusion in this territory. If we were to measure their work by the noise they make, we would be forced to the conclusion that mighty things were

being done. But this is a very noisy religion—much more noisy howling than anything else—lots of "fuss and feathers." A great deal of stress placed on external demonstration.

"Good-agood, gone to seed," or hopeless crankiness, may define this religion. At least, some of them are the biggest "cranks" we have ever met, and the "second blessing" idea is not a new one to us either. One poor fellow (a preacher) among them, for whose mental disorder we have sympathy, has quit eating "hog meat," as he regards it a sin. He carries his "oil" with him to heal the sick; pretends to receive direct communications from the Lord—talks with the Master, as man to man;

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The Helpers.

In the midst of Paul's great work he had frequent cause to recall the names of both men and women who were his helpers. They had spoken words of sympathy and encouragement, they had received him into their houses, and provided places for meetings, and called together the scattered membership; and when separated from his presence had sent tokens of their consideration for the relief of pressing necessities, to which he was sometimes reduced. In this way or that, they were sharers in his work, to an extent for which he was devoutly thankful, and to which he gave expression in terms of loving remembrance. Some of these helpers he speaks of by name, as in the case of Philemon, others of them as in the case of the church at Phillipi, he groups with the church, which as such had "sent once and again to his necessities." It is quite safe to say, that the helper was never a critic. He did not talk about misappropriation of funds, nor seek to dry up

the liberality of the churches by vague insinuations of dishonesty.

"In the ear of all the churches," he had, in these helpers, men and women who sympathized with him, who made sacrifices to help the work, and whose prayers for him, and gifts to him, ever kept their hearts sweet, and in touch with him.

These men and women abide to this day. There is never an emergency in the cause, that was so dear to the Great Apostle's heart,

that they do not now, as then, manifest their presence and interest in its welfare. They are the men and women who "have been bought with a price," and are ready to "spend and be spent" in the promotion of that Kingdom dearer to them than life itself.

A. V. ROWE.

Oxford, Miss., March 20th, '99.

Our pastor, Bro. N. W. P. Bacon, in two very able discourses on yesterday, in the Oxford Baptist church, discussed "Christian Science," exposing the vagaries and extravagant claims of its founder.

The discussion of "Christian Science" became necessary on account of some of our people having been drawn into its meshes. We feel that the truth has an able defender in our beloved pastor.

W. I. HARGIS.

Crystal Springs, Miss., March 20th, 1899.

Dear Dr. Searcy:

Rev. W. A. McComb, of Plano, Texas, has been called and has notified us of his acceptance to this church—in some respects, the best church in the State. Other Mississippi churches without a pastor should follow our example and bring some of our good men back.

Yours,

J. M. DAMPEER.

Aberdeen, Miss., March 20, '99.

Dear Dr. Searcy:

Bro. Lawrence has so far improved in health that he was able to preach for us yesterday at 11 o'clock. We had good service Wednesday night of this week. We are to begin a meeting. We ask the prayers of all who read this announcement.

Fraternally,

J. N. McMILLIN.

Vinton, Miss., March 10, 1899.

Dear Brother Searcy:

I have been receiving your ex-

cellent paper ever since its first

issue, and I think it ought to be in

every Baptist home in the State.

May God bless you in your work.

Enclosed you will find \$2.00 for

subscription. (I have remitted my

dues for the *Layman* to Bro. W. A.

Hurt.)

VAN A. HOWARD.

</

Baptist Directory.

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Mozley's Lemon Elixir.

A PLEASANT LEMON TONIC
For biliousness, constipation, and appendicitis.

For indigestion, flatulence, and nervous headache.

For sleeplessness, nervousness, and heart failure.

For fever, chills, colic and kidney diseases, take Lemon Elixir.

Ladies, for natural and thorough organic regulation, take Lemon Elixir.

Dr. Mozley's Lemon Elixir is prepared from the fresh juice of lemons, combined with other vegetable liver tonics, and will not fail you in any of the above named diseases.

Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozley, Atlanta, Ga.

A Hint to Young Preachers.

BY ST. CLAIR LAWRENCE.

Men will marry—they ought to; but not ignorantly. They marry sometimes for beauty, for talent, for style; aye, some poor, foolish, avaricious creatures, preachers even, now and then, marry for money. What a mistake! The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of contentment under any circumstances. A woman whose smiles are not chilled by the cold sprinkling of misfortune. A woman who is happy because she is good; and being good, happy because she can't help it. Rich or poor, high or low, anywhere, everywhere; the bright little fountain of life bubbles up in musical flow, from their cheery hearts. The Lord has fashioned them for preacher's wives—or wives of better people, every now and then. Do they live in a log cabin? Maybe so, but the fire light or pine torch that illuminates its humble hearth, is bright, brighter, in fact, than the gilded chandeliers in an Aladdin palace. Do they eat corn bread and drink cold water from the well? Even so, sometimes, affording more solid satisfaction than the choicest meats and richest wines, indulged by an Epicure. No trifling destination or worldly trouble obscures the sunlight of their smiles. These are women—not "society butterflies," but true women, fitted to be preacher's wives.

When he emigrated to this State, he did so on foot, walking the entire journey, bringing his earthly possessions, which consisted of the inferior suit in which he was dressed.

He attended the public schools of Alabama and Mississippi, finishing his education in State Springs College, and at the University of Mississippi. He taught school for about five years with marked success. He married Mary Niles, a daughter of ex Congressman and Circuit Judge Jason Niles, who is sister of Federal Judge Henry C. Niles. He is a member of the Missionary Baptist Church in Kosciusko.

He is prominent in Masonry, having held many important official positions in the order, and in 1096 the Grand Lodge elected him Grand Master of Masons in Mississippi. He has been in the active practice of law for about seventeen years, and he easily ranks with the ablest young lawyers in the State.

The long-drawn lines about the mouth will relax, the cloud of settled gloom will vanish, and the first thing you know your long face is naturally proportioned, and you are laughing, ha ha!

Ah well, here is the conclusion—mark it well—the young preacher who secures such an angel—not archangel mind you—for a wife, finds himself happier, and in better shape spiritually, than if he were "sanctified" after another fashion. The truth is, it's equal in every respect to the "second blessing;" if not more so.

A pastor whose church contains half a dozen such women, can afford to preach on "half pay," and grow rich, and a church whose pastor has such a wife has a double supply, and can afford to pay a big salary.

Blue Mountain, Miss.

The Curative Properties, Strength and Effect of Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine are always the same. It cannot be equalled.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

The following from an exchange pays a high compliment to the son of a Confederate soldier, Speaker James F. McCool:

The Honorable Jas. F. McCool, of Attala county, is a native of Alabama, but has spent most of his life in Mississippi. His father, Lafayette McCool, died while a soldier in the service of the Confederate army in the civil war between the States, and his mother, whose maiden name was Ellender Gray, died when he was very young. His ancestors came from Ireland.

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The long-drawn lines about the mouth will relax, the cloud of settled gloom will vanish, and the first thing you know your long face is naturally proportioned, and you are laughing, ha ha!

Attala county has repeatedly honored him by sending him to the Legislature, and so proficient was he as a legislator that the Legislature elected him Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1896, and he presided as Speaker during the sessions of 1896, 1897 and 1898 of the Mississippi Legislature, and he was never reversed a single time, though he presided in all more than five months. The Democratic State Convention of Mississippi in 1888 elected him a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in St. Louis, which nominated Cleveland and Thurman for President and Vice President.

Rob Childbirth of its Terrors and Minimize the Pain and Dangers of Labor by using Simmons Squaw Vine Wine or Tablets.

Program.

Program for fifth Sunday meeting of Yalobusha Association, to be held with Graysport Baptist Church, April 28, 29, 30, 1899.

FRIDAY, 28TH.

10.30 A. M.—Organization.

11 A. M.—Introductory Sermon.

A. C. Mason, G. L. Martin, Alt.

1.30 P. M.—Who Are Eligible for Church Membership?

J. C. Brandon, L. McCracken, B. F. Walton.

2.30 P. M.—Give Nature of Offenses that Should Lead to Church Discipline.

J. D. Rice, J. W. Field, G. L. Martin.

3.30 P. M.—Our Association as a Mission.

H. C. Taylor, J. F. McKibbon.

4. P. M.—Sermon.

SATURDAY, 29TH.

8.30 A. M.—Devotional Exercises.

J. W. Jones.

9 A. M.—Christianity in the Home—Its Needs and Influence.

W. E. McClellan, Dr. L. M. Mays.

10 A. M.—Obligations of the Church to the World.

A. C. Mason, J. W. Brown.

11 A. M.—Sermon.

1.30 P. M.—Devotional Exercises.

J. O. Hill.

2 P. M.—The Blessings Enjoyed by a Faithful Church.

W. A. Hamlett.

2.45 P. M.—The Mission of the Denominational Paper.

T. J. Bailey or J. B. Searey.

3.30 P. M.—Past, Present and Future of Mississippi College.

W. T. Lowrey or his appointee.

4.30 P. M.—The Orphanage.

L. S. Foster, T. N. Lusk.

8 P. M.—Sermon.

SUNDAY, 30TH.

9 A. M.—Devotional Exercises.

H. B. Pace.

9.30 A. M.—The Sunday School:

(1) How to Superintend.

O. L. Kimbrough.

(2) How to Teach.

Mrs. Georgia Tolbert, Mrs. J. C. Perry.

10.15 A. M.—Address to the Young People.

J. D. Rice.

10.45 A. M.—Address to Children.

H. C. Taylor.

11 A. M.—Sermon.

2.30 P. M.—Devotional Exercises.

by the Pastor.

(1) Private Prayer,

J. W. Jones.

(2) Blessings of

Prayer,

F. A. Martin.

(3) Objects

of Prayer,

N. R. Kenton.

(4) Praying for the Church,

J. O. Hill.

(5) Praying for the Pastor,

J. C. Bailey.

THE BAPTIST.

Was the Church Instituted, and What are Its Characteristics?

J. S. McPherson.

9. To What Extent Should We Give of Our Means to the Gospel?

G. W. Parker.

10. Is It According to the Scriptures for Baptists to Receive as Valid, Baptism Administered by Any Other Denomination?

J. S. Bailey.

W. B. THOMPSON,

JOHN THOMPSON,

H. L. WINTERS,

Committee.

8 P. M.—Sermon.

Brethren, be sure and come, and come prepared to speak and preach and pray, and let's make this a glorious meeting.

Let all coming by rail notify me several days before hand, so that we may have conveyance at Grenada for you. I send in this program early that everybody may have ample time to "load their guns and get ready to shoot."

We expect one of your editors.

Fraternally,

CHAS. A. LOVELESS.

AT THE CAPITOL.

I am in my seventy third year, and for fifty years I have been a great sufferer from indigestion, constipation, and biliousness. I have tried all the remedies advertised for these diseases, and go no permanent relief.

About one year ago, the disease assuming a more severe and dangerous form, I became very weak, and lost flesh rapidly. I commenced using Dr. Mozley's Lemon Elixir.

I gained twelve pounds in three months. My strength and health, my appetite and my digestion were perfectly restored, and now I feel as young and vigorous as I ever did in my life.

L. J. ALLDRED.

Door-keeper Georgia State Senate, State Capitol, Atlanta, Ga.

Should we pray for temporal blessings—W. P. Dorrell.

Secret and public prayer—W. C. Sessums.

Question 5. Church discipline:

Need of it—T. J. Moore.

Method of it—T. J. Ward.

Question 6. The difference in spiritual and visible kingdoms and can a person belong to one and not to the other—W. C. Sessums, T. J. Moore.

Subject 7. Giving to the Lord:

In what way—Bro. J. F. Cadence.

2. Was Circumcision Ever Abrogated as a Covenant?

G. W. Farmer.

THE BAPTIST

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J. B. SEARCY, EDITOR
T. J. BAILEY, BUSINESS MANAGER

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Persons sending in obituaries, must either send the cash, or state plainly to whom we are to look for the money.

A limited number of reliable advertisements will be inserted.

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No communication will be printed unless it is accompanied by the name of the author.

It is requested that all remittances be made by money order or registered letter. Do not send checks on local banks.

In requesting change of post office, do not fail to give the office from which and to which the change is to be made.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are mailing a new mailing list from the old books of the *Record* and *Layman*. In the rush of business, mistakes have occurred, and will occur no doubt again. Be patient with us awhile, and if mistakes are made, in your initials, the spelling of your name, or in the time to which you are paid, kindly and promptly inform us, and our best endeavors will be used for their immediate correction.

In a very short time we will print each week the date to which each subscriber has paid, on the margin of his paper, so do not look for written receipts hereafter.

A number of sample copies will be sent out during the next few weeks to persons who have not received the paper. Please respond.

Some letters are coming in asking if we cannot send the *Home and Farm or Commercial Appeal* as a premium. We cannot. Our arrangements with those two publications terminated on February 28th, according to our published statement week after week, in *THE BAPTIST*.

But until further notice, *THE BAPTIST*, and *The Orphanage Gem* will be sent one year, to any new subscriber, for two dollars in advance. T. J. BAILEY, Bus. Mgr.

EDITORIAL.

Fidelity to Principle.

Principle, in the sense in which we use the term means, "a fundamental truth, or tenet." In matters of religion there are certain principles, or tenets, around which the truths of the Bible cluster, and to sacrifice these principles, or hold them loosely, makes our religious faith mere sentimentalism. Those who have no religious tenets which they hold as fundamental, never bear any positive testimony against error, for they have no basis upon which to oppose it, unless they hold something to be true. But if they hold that something as true and vital, and that opposition to it is dangerous error, that something held to be true, is a principle or tenet.

Now if we have religious principles at all, we should be faithful to them. He who denies the fundamental principles of his religion, denies the author of his religion, and becomes a traitor to the cause he has espoused, and one enemy in the camp can do more harm than ten without. In order to be faithful to our religious principles, we must personally act them out in our lives. We must practice what we preach. We must convince the world that we are in earnest, by our uniform and constant testimony. We must not be content to hold these principles for ourselves, and live them in our lives, but we must use every possible means to propagate them. Truth is necessarily aggressive.

In merely holding our principles as sacred truth, as well as seeking to impress them upon others, we antagonize the errors of those who oppose us. If, in order to court the favor of these errorists, we compromise our principles, we not only prove ourselves traitors to the truth we profess to hold, and thereby justly forfeit the fellowship of our own brethren, but we also forfeit the respect of our opponents, for whose friendship we compromised our convictions of truth; for no one can respect a traitor, and he who will sacrifice his principles has nothing left; that deserves respect.

But it is a sad fact that many act as though they either held no religious principles at all, or, if they do, they do not regard such principles as worth maintaining and propagating. The so-called Baptist who makes no sacrifices to at-

tend his church meetings, prayer-meetings, and Sunday-Schools, of the means of with which the Lord has intrusted him to build, repair, and furnish the church house, who contributes nothing to have the gospel preached faithfully and efficiently, and to have the principles of Baptists fairly represented before the world, proves himself a traitor to the principles he has publicly, and in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, professed in his baptism, and membership in the church.

It is possible that there are those who are Baptist in name from force of circumstances, who have never investigated the tenets of our faith for themselves in the light of the Scriptures, and who really have no well defined religious principles at all. These are merely sentimentalists, whose religious faith consists in impulse and feeling. Such do not care how much dangerous error a man holds and teaches, so he is a nice, smooth speaker, and says soft things that make them feel good. Such would leave their own meetings to hear a man of some other faith preach, if he happened to be a better orator, or was more popular with the masses than their own minister. Such never feel the necessity for Baptist preaching. Like stray cattle, they are willing to graze in anybody's pasture. But the Lord is not pleased with this course.

If a shepherd had a flock of costly sheep, he would not be willing for them to graze for a single day in a pasture known to be thickly set with poisonous weeds, and can the good Shepherd, who gave his life for his sheep, be indifferent as to the pastures in which they graze?

Such half-and-half Baptists do our cause no good, and are a positive injury to the progress of our principles. Self-respect, if nothing more, ought to inspire them to take higher ground, and be faithful to their principles, or abandon them at once, and leave the Baptist ranks.

The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the faith of Baptists. We are required to believe and practice all that is therein enjoined, and nothing more. The principles of our faith are formulated into certain tenets, and these are based either on a positive command, or a plain example of Scripture. These are fundamental, and must be faithfully maintained. The true witnesses of Jesus have held them from the days of the apostles till now, and for which many have suffered their property confiscated; many have been incarcerated in prison; many

have been driven from their homes to seek shelter in the clefts of the rocks; many have perished at the stake, amid the curling flames of the fires of persecution; while some, even in America, have been publicly whipped till the crimson flood oozed from the quivering flesh, and filled their shoes with blood. These were martyrs to our principles, and shall we who bear their noble name, prove recreant to the trust our profession implies? No, thank God, there will be a remnant, according to the election of grace, who will never falter, but when the Master cometh to make up his jewels, he will find them occupying his kingdom, and earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints.

"Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Firm as his throne his promise stands.
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour."

Querry for the Baptist.

What differed the mighty works which Christ did in Chorazin and Bethsaida, from the works done by the true and faithful ministers of Christ? See Matthew 11:22.

STONE.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Rev. W. S. Culpepper, of Gloster kindly sent to us a few days ago, \$8.45 on subscriptions, which we highly appreciate. Continue the good work, brother.

Watchfulness and prayer are inseparable. The one discerns dangers; the other arms against them. Watchfulness keeps us prayerful, and prayerfulness keeps us watchful.—Alexander McLaren.

We see from the papers that Dr. J. M. Frost, of the Sunday-School Board, is very sick at the home of his brother-in-law, at Staunton, Virginia.

May the Lord speedily restore him to health.

Pastor Yarborough had a tussle with the measles last week, and though much improved, did not feel able to preach last Sunday, so we occupied his pulpit, and at the close of the sermon, a collection was taken for Foreign Missions, amounting to \$113.85. We wanted \$200. We hope to yet largely increase the above amount.

Rev. G. B. Butler, of Lexington, kindly says, "THE BAPTIST gets better all the time." How encouraging such words from such a brother.

The editor and his wife are now enjoying a visit to the Press Association. They will doubtless do the Crescent City, and have a royal time before they return.

It is said that three billions of dollars have been concentrated in the trusts of the United States during the first ten months of this year. Their power for evil is untold.

Rev. W. A. McComb, of Plano, Texas, has been called to the pastorate of Crystal Springs church, and has signified his acceptance.

Brother Bailey has returned this week from his ten days outing, very much improved in health, and invigorated in spirit, and now takes hold of the business side of the paper with a firm grip. We could hardly ask for business to be better than it has been with us for some weeks past. Let the good work go grandly forward.

The *Journal and Messenger* emphasizes the fact that in England some join so called Baptist churches without being baptized, and that such a course is only in harmony with their "open communion" practice. The great champion of this view is Dr. John Clifton, who is to fill Dr. Larimer's pulpit at Tremont Temple, Boston, next summer. Dr. Lasher modestly hints that if we do not want the doctrine in this country we ought not to have the doctor.

An eloquent Detroit preacher tells this among his early experiences in a rural parish. One of his parishioners was very ill, and finally sent for the minister, who found the man rather reticent, and finally asked if there was anything he could do.

"Parson," was the answer, "sleep would make me well, but the doctor can't make me sleep. I wondered if you'd preach me that long sermon I heard last July."—Free Press.

This is an instance where long sermons promise to do good, if it promotes sleep.

Married.

At the Jamae House, Blue Mountain, Miss., March 14th, 1899, by the writer, Miss Nora Buckley to Dr. A. P. Rose.

The bride was one of Blue

young women, while the groom is a prominent citizen, physician and Baptist of Shelby, Miss.

W. T. LOWREY.

The April Sunday School Meetings.

We have nearly six weeks to get ready for these meetings. I have heard from the following as to their desire to co-operate in the work:

Central Association, meeting at Yazoo City; Yazoo Association, meeting at Pickens; Mississippi Association, meeting at Gloster; Bogue Chitto Association, meeting at Bogue Chitto; Tippah Association, not determined.

I have the promise of such workers in Sunday-schools as President B. G. Lowrey, Prof. Eliet, Supt. of Education Whitfield, J. H. Whitfield, J. T. Buck, A. J. Brown, B. T. Kimbrough, Prof. Leavell, McMullen, Hurt, Miller, Sproles, Leavell, Berry Lawrence, Bro. Manager Bailey, of THE BAPTIST. Other brethren will send their names and will be assigned places.

Brother Owen, our good preacher and I have been praying that God would make me strong enough to walk, and I want you to help us to pray that He will make me strong enough to walk over to Grandma's, so John won't have to carry me over there when I go.

Brother Owen gave me five cents, which I send to you for Cuban Missions.

Grenada, Miss., March 17, 1899.

Dear Baptist:

Let me tell the children of a smart little boy, only five years of age. His name is Willie. Two years ago he started a quilt all by himself. Last week the quilt was finished; and can you guess what he is going to do with it? He is going to send it to the orphans. Can't some others of our boys (and girls, too) make quilts for the little orphans? Fraternally,

HIS PASTOR.

Dear Bro. Searcy:

I am Mamma's and Papa's "sweet son," four and one half years old, and just learning to walk. I have had to crawl for two years.

Brother Owen, our good preacher and I have been praying that God would make me strong enough to walk, and I want you to help us to pray that He will make me strong enough to walk over to Grandma's, so John won't have to carry me over there when I go.

Brother Owen gave me five cents, which I send to you for Cuban Missions.

HUBERT NAIL,

Oak Grove, Miss.

Dear Bro. Searcy:

My mamma takes THE BAPTIST. She used to take *The Baptist Record*.

We don't go to Sunday-School, but Mamma has us to get our lesson every Sunday at home. We go to White Oak to preaching. Rev. S. R. Young is our pastor. Brother Anding was our pastor year before last, but he has moved away off now, and I never get to see him.

One of the little girls asked if we knew who made the axe swim. It was Elisha.

My teacher tells us stories, and once she told us four stories about Elisha.

I try to do what Jesus would have me to do, for I know it grieves him for me to be a naughty girl, but sometimes I forget. I wish though, the little Cuban girls and boys could be as happy as I am. I want to help them, so I send ten cents.

Your little friend,
BOBBIE JACOB,
Carpenter, Miss.

T. L. Tyner, Acme, Miss., writes: My mother has used Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine thirty years, since it cured her of eurulic Dyspepsia. She still uses it for her general health. A package of Zeillin's was once given her. It did not act satisfactorily.

Success—Worth Knowing. 40 years success in the South, proves Hughes' Tonic a great remedy for Chills and Malaria Fever. Better than Quinine. Guaranteed, try it. At Druggists, 50c, and \$1.00 bottles.

Temperance.

A Temperance Lecture.

A professional gentleman who was accustomed to take his morning glass stepped into a saloon, and, going up to the bar, called for whisky. A greedy individual stepped up to him and said: "I say, Squire, can you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?" He was annoyed by the man's familiarity, and roughly told him: "I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps." The tramp replied: "You need not be so cranky and high-minded my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are, have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more, I always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to John Barleycorn, and he will bring you to just the same place I am. Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass, and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots mismatched, his clothing filthy. He then asked: "Was it drink that made you like this?" "Yes it was, and it will bring you to the same, if you stick to it." Picking up his untouched glass, he poured its contents upon the floor, and said: "Then it's time I quit," and left the saloon, never to enter it again.—Selected.

Conversions in a Whisky Shop

that does not teach the solemn truth, that this is not our abiding home.

These sad thoughts have been forced upon our hearts by the triple deaths at Utica of our mother, sister, and brother-in-law. Though much has been said, I cannot refrain from writing a few words.

Those who knew Grandma Bolls know that a beautiful life is finished in all its completeness. The record of her long life is fair to look upon, with but few spots to blur the snowy whiteness. She grew old so gracefully; each decade seemed to add fresh charms to her lovely Christian character. Her life is closed but her influence can never die! The daughter (Mrs. S. C. Dudley) was worthy of the mother—a true and noble woman in every position, and her death-bed experience tells the sweet story that Jesus was satisfied. Her heroic faith and resignation were exemplified when her son was lying, as she thought, in almost the death struggles. She said, "It's all right; if God wants my boy He can take him." How few mothers could be thus submissive in such an hour! In light afflictions we can say, "It is well."

"How silvery then the echoes run, Thy will be done, Thy will be done;" but when troubles like these surge upon us our faith shrinks back appalled, and from the depths we cry, "Spare our child!"

The Church of the Nativity is an interesting old structure. This church is built over a cave, which a tradition reaching back to the seventh century describes as the stable where Mary brought forth the infant Jesus. It is well known that Constantine had built over this grotto a fine church, and that Justinian replaced this one with a building that surpassed in splendor all the churches in Jerusalem. Perhaps it was this church of Justinian that the Crusaders found when they entered Bethlehem in 1090. In it Baldwin was crowned king of Jerusalem 1101. Since that time it has been much changed. Within the past fifty years it has been completely restored.

Down under the main floor is the crypt, which is evidently a natural cave. Here is shown the chapel of the Nativity, whose walls are cased with marble. In a niche let into the rock and lighted by fifteen silver lamps is the so-called birthplace. In front of it, in the floor, is a silver star, around which is an inscription in Latin: "Here Jesus Christ was born of Mary the Virgin."

We descend a few steps and come to another chapel, in which a marble manger is shown as the place where Jesus was laid. While we were there, a merchant of the town came in, having a lot of rosaries, beads, etc., carved out of olive wood and mother-of-pearl. The priest took these trinkets and, placing them in the "manger," said a prayer over them, and then the merchant took them away to sell them at advanced price, because they had been placed in such a sacred spot.—Epworth Herald.

Passing away is written upon all earthly things. The fading flower, the changing sky, the gentle breeze, all whisper the same sad words. It matters not though how evanescent an object may be e'er it passes from mortal ken, it has a mission to perform. The little blue-eyed violet that is crushed by the careless footstep of a child, with its dying fragrance tells us, "The Hand that made me is divine."

His life was a grand success, and in heaven he will reap his reward.

Last October, our own sister, Mrs. I. M. Hulom, passed to the spirit land, after giving as sweet a dying testimony, as was ever heard, and now these have entered the pearly gates.

Mrs. E. C. Bolls.

No other medicine Builds Up and Fortifies the system against Miscarriage as well as Simmons Squaw Vine Wine or Tablets.

Modern Bethlehem.

The march of improvement has not spared the Holy Land. Railways and telegraphs have led the

way, and the tourist fills the land.

As a town, Bethlehem is one of the cleanest in Palestine, though that is not saying much, for the rule is excessive filthiness. It is a Christian town, the population being composed mostly of Greek and Latin Christians. The people cultivate bees extensively, and many of the houses have apries on the flat roofs; but by far the chief industry of Bethlehem is the making of trinkets for tourists out of mother-of-pearl, Dead Sea stone, and olivewood.

You may see the workmen as you pass along, in their tiny shops, or seated in front of them, cutting and carving and polishing. Napkin rings, paper knives, book racks, tables, and a host of attractive curios are sent from this little town all over the world.

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Last October, our own sister, Mrs. I. M. Hulom, passed to the spirit land, after giving as sweet a dying testimony, as was ever heard, and now these have entered the pearly gates.

Mrs. E. C. Bolls.

No other medicine Builds Up and Fortifies the system against Miscarriage as well as Simmons Squaw Vine Wine or Tablets.

Modern Bethlehem.

The march of improvement has not spared the Holy Land. Railways and telegraphs have led the

Great Success.

Palmeiras, Brazil.

Dear Brother—I have good news to write you of the progress of the work. In Rio we have had much interest lately, increasing congregations, and half a dozen conversions and additions to the church. Old and young have entered the baptismal waters together. We are all rejoicing, and the church is much strengthened. I have just returned from a long trip to S. Paulo State, where I visited Victoria (a new place) and Santa Barbara. Preached three times at Victoria—twice to crowds of Brazilians, who had never heard the Gospel before, and who fairly drank in the blessed story of life. At Santa Barbara we had a great crowd on Sunday. Two converts were received for baptism, one of which was baptised. From Parápa do Sul I have received news of several conversions and baptisms. At Palmeiras we are preaching weekly, and several have professed conversion. I went up to Bello Horizonte a few weeks ago and preached three times. We eagerly look for Brother J. J. Taylor back soon in Brazil for that important field.

Yours faithfully,
W. B. BAGBY,
—in F. M. Journal.

We, the members of Bogue Chitto Church and Sunday-School, wish to extend to Mrs. Briley our heartfelt sympathy in her hour of sad bereavement, caused by the death of her husband and son.

Brother B. F. Briley was for a long time a consistent member of this church. He took an active part in all church work, and was always ready and willing to bear his part in all financial matters pertaining to the church. He was also a great Sunday School worker, being one of our best teachers while in our midst. Nothing but sickness kept him from meeting his class on Sunday morning. In his removal from our midst, the church and Sunday-School both sustained a great loss.

Brother B. H. Briley became a member of this church when quite young, and while he was with us, he made a faithful Christian, and Sunday-School pupil.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Sister Briley, and THE BAPTIST for publication.

S. C. WALKER.

LIZZIE R. GULLEDGE.

H. D. WHITE.

Committee.

MOZLEY'S LEMON ELIXIR
is the very best medicine I ever used for the diseases you recommend it for, and I have used many kinds for woman's troubles.
Salem, N. C. MRS. S. A. GRESHAM.

There are forty-seven Chinese temples in the United States.

The Crime of Doing Nothing.

There are circumstances in which the common verdict of mankind would be one of stern judgment upon a man who simply did nothing. A building is on fire. A passer-by discovers a volume of black smoke or a tongue of flame bursting through a window. He knows that the upper stories of the building are tenanted, and that there are probably men and women asleep in it, all unconscious of their peril. He gives no alarm. He makes no effort to save either the property or the sleeping inmates. He simply keeps on his way. Does not society justly hold up such a man for reprobation? It condemns him for—doing nothing. And what shall we say of Christian people who, living in a world where moral and spiritual need appeals to them on every hand, and men around them are in direst peril, sound no alarm and offer no relief? There will be sore judgment at the last day for the "do nothings." "Inasmuch as ye did it not." —Baptist Union.

To the Pearl River Association.

You remember the promise of the association through their delegates while in session at Prince's Spring. After electing a delegate to the Southern Baptist Convention, they promised to defray the expense in part or whole. The exact cost of the ticket will be \$22.53.

By reference to the minutes you will find this to be a little over one dollar for each church. Will the pastor or the deacons of each church see that their church is reminded of the promise and send it to the treasurer, and he will forward it to the delegate who is now at Clinton. J. E. POLK.

One Value of Prayer.

Prayer is an appointed means of good to our souls, but not in the way that we more commonly suppose. Our highest privilege in prayer is not in telling God what he can do for us, but in learning from God what we can do for him. Robertson says: "The Divine wisdom has given us prayer, not as a means whereby to obtain the good things of earth, but as a means whereby we learn to do without them; not as a means whereby we escape evil, but as a means whereby we become strong to meet it." Lord, teach us thus to pray! —The Sunday School Times.

An Old Idea.

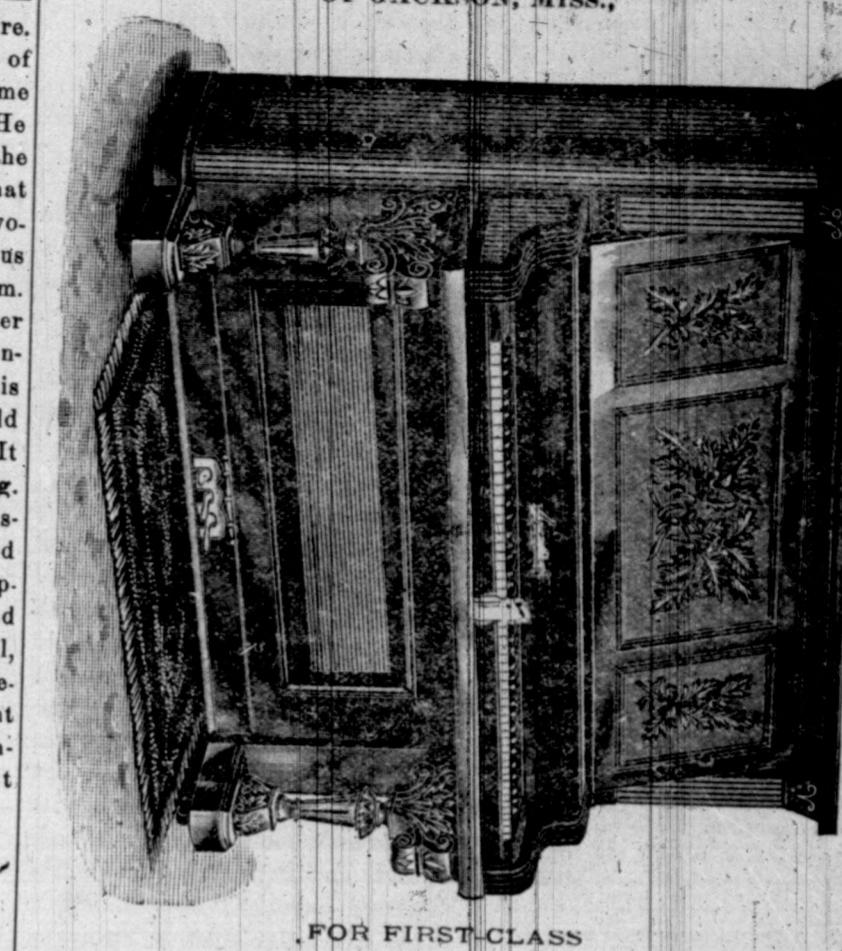
Every day strengthens the belief of eminent physicians that impure blood is the cause of the majority of our diseases. Twenty-five years ago this theory was used as a basis for the formula of Brown's Iron Bitters. The many remarkable cures effected by this famous old household remedy are sufficient to prove that the theory is correct. Brown's Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

Constipation of the Bowels may be easily cured by a few doses of Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine.

BAPTIST BOOK CONCERN,
(INCORPORATED)
LOUISVILLE, KY.

We Recommend to Our Patrons

THE FIRM OF
PATTON & WHITE,
OF JACKSON, MISS.



PIANOS AND ORGANS,

Or in fact anything usually kept in a FIRST-CLASS MUSIC HOUSE. They are the

LARGEST DEALERS IN THE STATE

and handle all the LEADING MAKES. Those contemplating the purchase of musical instruments will do well to open negotiations with them either personally or by letter. In either case we GUARANTEE prompt and FAIR DEALING. Their place of business is at

318 East Capital Street, JACKSON, MISS.

When writing to them, do not fail to mention the fact that you saw their notice in THE BAPTIST.



FREE Are You Wondering

Where is the best place to buy books?
We can show you if you will
send us your order.

Heaven Lost without the Gospel

MRS. J. A. DUVALL, Warren, N. C.—
DEAR DOCTOR—I can say nothing but good for your wonderful treatment, the Sana-Cera Cure. Any one who scarcely take me for the sane, and see me now, would have died if it had not been for you, my Cataract has been taken into Consumption; I had such awful spells of sorrow, I lost my appetite, I could not sleep at night, before I got sick. The effects of the Cataract in my head and my nerves are as strong as they ever were. I am well and my nerves are as strong as they ever were. I am healed; the discharge has stopped and I am more strong than ever I was in my life.

Three Months Home Treatment Free.

To introduce the Sana-Cera Cure in every community that it cures when all others have failed, I will for limited time send medicines for a 3 months treatment free. Send a description of your trouble, name and P. O. address at once; or, write for Question Blank and prompt attention will be given you. See Address DR. M. BEATTY, Print', National Dispensary, Dept' P 27, 125 W 12th St., Cincinnati, O.

Church Letters, per doz. 75
Spurgeon's Catechisms, . . . 5c each, 50c doz.

Philadelphia Confession of Faith 10
In the Land of the Sunrise, R. N. Barrett 00

Manley's Choice Music . . . 5c; by mail. 40
Manley's Choice, Wo. doz; by mail. 12

Good Teacher's Bible 50
Sunday School supplies, Song Books, Theological and Standard Books.

Send all your orders to us.

BAPTIST BOOK CONCERN,
(INCORPORATED)
LOUISVILLE, KY.

WOMAN'S WORK.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. M. F. SEARCY,
JACKSON, MISS.

STUDY FOR MARCH.

Missions in Southern States, State Mission.—"I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from evil." Missionaries, 730; laymen, 10,411. Within the past decade the seriousness of the State Mission problem has been augmented by the rapid multiplication of factory towns and cities. Immigration, with its tide of Romanism, infidelity and socialism, is setting more and more in this direction.

Study Town.—Baptist stronghold, the country churches. Movement of people to the towns. Need for churches in the towns. Need for help for the depleted country churches.

Consider The Lilies.

Mid fragrant of field, where the flowers, Were fanned by the sweet spicy air, Blooming with the languorous roses Of Summer's rich harvest time fair; As white as the foam of the bellow That kiss'd the Argentine sand, And sweeter than odorous roses, Grew lilies that crowned summer-land. O rich was the season's bright harvest! There rested no shadow of gloom O'er prospects so pleasing and tender— The sunshiny fair blossom and bloom Birds lift song of praise in their gladness, The season's the was a feast. The Master walk'd there 'mid the splendor, When the cold of morn touch'd the last.

MRS. LOVSELL WELLS ANDERSON, Vicksburg, Miss.

Mrs. Ratcliff asks that each Society in Central Association send a report to her of offerings from the observance of "Self-Denial Week," that she may make her report to Mrs. Wood.

Sisters, send your reports promptly. There is no time for delay as our Convention year ends the 30th of April.

We would like so much for the women of Mississippi to make a good showing of Mission money raised by their efforts during this year. A consecrated woman always feels happy when she gives of her means for the support of the gospel among destitute.

We are glad to get a good report from the Missionary Society at Brookhaven. Read the report.

Sisters Nixon and Foster brightened THE BAPTIST office last Monday with their presence. Mrs. Foster, of the Orphanage, is doing a noble work for poor children. Mrs. M. J. Nixon is a beloved woman for her work's sake. She did a grand work years ago in Mississippi, especially among the women in organizing Missionary Societies and developing many workers, thereby doing a great

work for the Lord's cause among the Baptists of our great State. She did a good work in New Orleans, La., helping our Mission cause there. She has been for some years in San Antonio, Texas. She still looks comparatively young and vigorous.

Brookhaven, Miss., Mar. 20, '99.
Dear Sister Searcy:

I am glad to report that according to request, we observed the Week of Prayer and Self Denial, following out the program as nearly as possible. The meetings were well attended and very helpful in every way. Much credit is due to Sister Henderson for presiding at the organ, not being absent one day. The singing was very inspiring. I must say that we entered into the service with rather faint-heartedness. But in the meantime we had so many precious promises to fall back on that we knew there would be no such thing as fail. So we entered into the work feeling that there was a blessing in store for us. How good God is. Six dollars is the amount taken in, with more to come in today. Sister Bond, our Pastor's wife, led the last two meetings. Her talks were very helpful. Meeting broke up with a good hand-shake and all went home feeling happy.

Yours in the Master's work,

Mrs. N. VANCE,
President, W. M. Society.

W. M. S. Central Association.

Dear Sister:

Our State Secretary, Mrs. W. W. Woods, of Meridian, insists that our report be sent her as soon as possible after the week of prayer. To comply with this request, it will be necessary for me to have your reports; so please send them as soon as you can. I hope the week of prayer was observed and enjoyed by you all, bringing to each a spiritual blessing, and to the Master liberal gifts.

In Christian love,
MARY RATLIFF, Vice-President.

Dear Baptist:

The ladies of the Brookhaven Woman's Missionary Society observed last week as one of self-denial and prayer. Daily meetings were held at the church, and were remarkably well attended by members of the Baptist denomination. They were conducted by members of the society, with the very best results spiritually, and their influence doubtless permeated the homes of every member who participated. Something more than \$7 was the offering made for Home Missions.

The Woman's Missionary Society was never quite as active as at present, and a spirit of love and unity seems to brood over the earnest-hearted women, many of whom have served faithfully since the organization in 1886 when Rev. J. R. Farish was pastor of our church and Mrs. Farish our first president. She has a counterpart now in Sister Vance, who is full of zeal for the cause. Mrs. R. J. Boone, one of the faithful, is now vice-president of the Woman's Missionary Societies of Fair River Association and is doing her best to further the interests of the work. The women have a helper in the new pastor, Rev. A. R. Bond, and also in his wife, who accompanies him on his semi-monthly visits to our town. Bro. Bond is getting the work well in hand and we are all hopeful that the good seed sown by former pastors as well as that falling from the bands of the present under Shepherd, may bring a rich fruitage in the Lord's own time.

THE BAPTIST is meeting with favor in this city and its weekly visits are always most welcome to the Baptist brotherhood.

MRS. LENA M. HOBBS,
March 20, 1899.

Three Dangerous Women.

Beware of three women—the one who does not love flowers, and she who openly declares that she does not like other women. There is something wanting in such, and in all probability its place is supplied by some unlovely trait. As Shakespeare says of him who has no soul for music, such a woman "is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils," and a woman intent on those is ten thousand times worse than any man could be, for standing higher, she can fall lower. Men may smile and jest a little over the tenderness lavished on a baby, but, after all, the prattle every womanly woman involuntarily breaks into at the sight of the tiny beings is very sweet to masculine ears. It was the first language they ever knew, and in spite of the jest or smile the sweetest on wife's or sweetheart's lips. They may laugh, too, at the little garden tools, which seem like playthings in their strength, but in their hearts they associate, and rightly, purity of character and life with the pursuit of gardening. And as for the woman who does not care for her own sex, and boldly avows it, she is a coquette pure and simple, and one of the worst and lowest type, too, as a general thing.—The Commonwealth.

Dear Dr. Searcy:
I am eleven years old. Papa takes THE BAPTIST. I like to read the little folks' letters. Papa says that he could not do without it.

I send five cents for Cuban Mis-

sions.

One of the chief means of all efforts at popular education is a course of reading and study. And its value cannot well be overestimated. It takes some effort to meet its requirements daily, but the effort is discipline and training. The mental stimulus is healthy. The knowledge gained is elevating and promotive of conscious pleasure. To keep up required work requires sacrifice of personal ease, and often seems exacting of time and effort; but the information gained in reading even five pages a day, persevered in for years, will be surprising. A regular, systematic, consecutive reading course, intelligently and faithfully pursued, will go a long way toward making up the lack of college training.—Ex.

Little Folks.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

CONDUCTED BY REV. W. F. YARBOROUGH,
JACKSON, MISS.

SECRETARY INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

Dear Little Folks:

You have done real nicely on Cuban Missions, but we only have till the thirtieth of April to send in money, till our great Convention meets in Louisville, Kentucky.

We want the Little Folks Department in THE BAPTIST to raise one hundred dollars in that time. Now we want every little boy and girl that reads this to be an agent to collect money for Cuban Missions, and report as soon as you can to us. The grown folks will help you, if you will call on them.

We have two dollars and seventy-five cents sent by them for your work, and you have two dollars and thirteen cents in your bank. You have paid ten dollars and twenty cents. So you want to raise yet, eighty-four dollars and ninety-two cents. Now for a big rally.

The railroads will give half rates to the Convention.

Lesson for April 2, 1899.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.—Jno. 11:32.

Golden Text—"I am the resurrection and the life"—Jno. 11:25.

We shall, during the second quarter, spend our time in studying the closing scenes in our Lord's ministry. When Lazarus died it lacked only about three months till Jesus himself should die. Already the hostility around Jerusalem had become so intense, that Jesus had withdrawn into Perea, and went back into Judea, only at the risk of being put to death, compare verse 16. After this manifestation of emotion Jesus said, "Where have ye laid him?" The only passage, so Wescott says, in which Jesus is represented as asking for information. They simply answered, "Lord, come and see."

Then flowed those sympathetic tears by which we know that our high priest is easily touched with the feeling of our infirmity. This

same Jesus, who changes not, sympathizes with us in our times of sorrow. The Jews said, "Behold, how he loved him," while some of them added, "Could not this man

who opened the eyes of the blind have caused that even this man should not have died?" Instead

of seeing irony or cynicism in this question, it seems a very natural suggestion, especially in the light of verse 45. His renewal of indignation brought forth by this ques-

tion, may be accounted for by the power and presence of death, and by the manner in which Satan had blinded the eyes of the people to keep them from believing in him.

Mary's Expression of Grief. With Martha Jesus reasons; with Mary he wept. Thus we see that all are not to be comforted alike. To deal wisely, we must, like our Master, know those with whom we deal. Mary approached Jesus with the same expression that Martha had used in meeting him, "Lord if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died," showing that this had been the burden of their talk during the dark hour of bereavement. It seems that she was more demonstrative than Martha, since the evangelist tells us that she fell down at his feet. The Jews who had followed her out wept at the affecting scene, but their weeping, as well as Mary's, is described by a different word to that used of Jesus in verse 35.

Christ's Emotion. When Jesus saw it all we are told that he "groaned in the spirit and was troubled," literally *was indignant in spirit and troubled himself*. The language necessarily means more than grief. Jesus was indignant and agitated, probably at the temporary triumph of sin and death in its infliction of suffering on the race. He is face to face with his adversary, the devil, the author of sin, and cannot but feel in his union with humanity, a fellowship with our suffering. An able writer on this passage has said "that the mighty miracles of the Lord were not wrought by the simple word of power, but that in a mysterious way the element of sympathy entered into them. He took away the sufferings and diseases of men, in some sense, by taking them upon himself. Compare Matthew 8:17, Luke 8:46. After this manifestation of emotion Jesus said, "Where have ye laid him?" The only passage, so Wescott says, in which Jesus is represented as asking for information. They simply answered, "Lord, come and see."

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THE BAPTIST.

7. Who is responsible for the Father's Son?
8. What are the Sabbath Day Duties of Parents?
9. The Sunday-School Library, and The Cultivation of the Reading Habit.
10. Actual Teaching of a Class each Day, beginning at 10:30 A. M.

11. The Cultivation of Liberal Giving.

The above is the result of a conference with several Sunday-School workers, and is intended to be suggestive, and is not arbitrarily offered.

Dr. Frost, of the Sunday-School Board, writes:

"The plan which you indicate for the Sunday School Meetings seems to be very excellent indeed. I shall gladly co-operate with you in every way possible. I will have a good quantity of sample copies of literature sent to each meeting."

In response to my appeal in behalf of pay schools, he says:

"We always allow the literature free to schools that cannot pay, for one quarter, or two, or even three."

We do a great deal of this kind of work, and are always glad for the opportunity. Your plan is good to have them pay for the first quarter, and we furnish them two quarters. Here is a fine opportunity for a rousing of the Sunday-School Spirit, and the organization of many new Sunday-Schools in our State. Again I appeal to Sunday-School workers—pastors, superintendents, teachers, let me hear from you. Will you not join in this good work?

A. V. ROWE.

Dear Dr. Searcy:

My father takes THE BAPTIST, and I like to read it very much.

I am a little girl eleven years old. My youngest brother and I go to school. I am taking music. My music teacher is Mrs. Pearl Jenkins. My school teacher is Miss Beulah Smith. We all like her very much.

Papa is a member of the Baptist church in Liberty. We hardly ever go to Sunday-School, because we live so far from the church, but I certainly would like to go every Sunday.

Enclosed find five cents for Cuban Missions.

Your friend,
CLARA CAUSEY.
Liberty, Miss., Mar. 18, '99.

Randolph-Macon Academy

FOR BOYS.

BEDFORD CITY, VA. (S-W Va.) Conducted by Randolph-Macon College. Best equipped in the South. Ranks with best

U. S. Modern conveniences and appliances; gymnasium, etc. \$230. Address, Principals, A. M. HUGHLETT, A. M., or E. S. SMITH.

HOME READING.

Thankfulness

What! heart of mine, not thankful,
When streams of gladness flow
From God's eternal bounty,
And sweep away thy woes?
Not thankful when possessing
A sweet & blessed peace,
Far richer in the pleasures,
Which with existence cease?
Not thankful when beholding
The fruit that do bespeak
The glories of the future,
To spirits rest and meek?
Not thankful when embibing
At God's delightful springs,
Where spirits rise in rapture,
And pilgrims shout and sing.
Away, ungrateful spirit!
I must no longer carry thee,
When treat as everlasting
Are now to store for me.
Oh, God of light and mercy,
Whose grace sustains my soul,
Let thankless attend me,
Where ever I may stroll.

W. L. PHILLIPS.

Scattering "Deeds of Kindness."

BY LEANOR ROOT.

"That's a Canadian dime. I can't take it," said the postoffice clerk. The child looked at the rejected coin and then at her un-stamped letter perplexedly.

"Here's a dime—I'll change with you," said a young woman standing by.

"Oh than you," said the little one grateful. "I ran all the way to get mama's mail in in time—and it would have been too late if I had had to go back."

"How thoughtful that was," I said to myself. "How few people, comparatively, would have bothered to do that for a child; and yet how little it costs—and how much it often means!"

A little later in the day, it so chanced that I met again the young woman whom I have spoken. It was at a restaurant at the noon hour, in a hurried, crowded throng.

"Dear me, isn't it warm!" sighed a flushed, nervous looking girl near me, to her companion.

"Won't you take this fan?" said a sweet voice. I looked, and lo, the speaker was the angel of the stamp! I was very much interested in the young woman by this time, and encroaching myself comfortably in my corner took more time to my meal than was necessary, in order to observe her. I did not have long to wait to see another proof of her kindness and consideration.

"This is the last order of Indian pudding," said one of the waiters to a pale, poorly dressed girl, as she set down a steaming plate before her neighbor, the young woman whom I was observing.

"Oh, dear!" murmured the girl disappointedly.

"Won't you take this? I would exactly as soon have something else for dessert." Quick as a flash the dish of pudding was transferred.

"That young woman is worth her weight in gold," I said to myself as I arose to go. "I wonder when I shall ever see her again."

It was months before I did see her again. This time it was at a reception. I wondered whether she would be able to do any kindly act in such a formal gathering, and observed her closely. It was

"Indeed, I am going to fix it up for the poor little fellow," was the earnest reply. "Just think, Marie, I suppose he's saved up that 20 cents for weeks! I'm so glad I happened to get this blacking this morning. You can't tell the bonnet when I get through with it, see if you can!"

She hummed a happy little song, as she went putting on coat after coat, deftly turning the straw up here and down there.

"Mrs. Brown," she said, as the proprietor of the store entered, "will you give me thirty-five cents worth of violets at wholesale?" A

poor little boy has brought me his mother's bonnet to trim, and I want to add a few violets to what he has ordered, and make it just as pretty as I can."

"What is it?" I urged. "Has a fortune been left you?"

"I feel as if I had had two or three fortunes—or half a dozen," she answered, with a happy little laugh. "I will tell you all about it. I had been wishing I had somebody to tell—there, put your feet right up on that fender and get them warm. To begin with, things seemed different when I first woke up. You see, I had a good night, and didn't feel tired to start with, as I do sometimes. Then the sun shone so clear that my rooms were lighter than usual. I don't get much sunshine in here this time of year, but when it streams in early in the morning, it always makes a difference with my spirits. I do not suppose it ought to, but I know it does."

"Oh, you don't mean it; you don't mean that's my mother's bunt, and all for twenty cents!" exclaimed Jem, coming back just as the finishing touch was being given. "Oh, what lots o' violets! How did you git it so shiny? Oh, she'll be jes' tickled to death!"

It was a wonderfully happy little boy who gazed from the bonnet into the clerk's face.

As the door closed behind him, one who had been a silent spectator of it all went up to the young girl, and laying her hand on her shoulder, said: "This has been a lesson to me, my dear; a lesson that I can never forget. Out of the abundance with which the Lord has blessed me, I have begrimed to the poor and needy within my gate. Please God, it shall never happen again!"

"It's fur my mother," he continued, "an' it's a surprise. Do you think you ken git it done fur me by the time I take my papers down to the office and git back?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl; "only don't hurry too much. What is your name?"

"Jem," answered the boy; "an' I won't. An' there's the twenty cents. I'd wait fur it a couple o' hours if I had to."

He passed out, whistling cheerily. The clerk opened her shopping bag, and taking out a bottle of shoe polish, began applying it vigorously to the faded straw.

"Are you really going to try to fix up that old thing?" inquired another clerk, "and take your noon hour, too? Catch me! Why didn't you give him the violets and let him go? Twenty cents worth him!"

"Indeed, I am going to fix it up for the poor little fellow," was the earnest reply. "Just think, Marie, I suppose he's saved up that 20 cents for weeks! I'm so glad I happened to get this blacking this morning. You can't tell the bonnet when I get through with it, see if you can!"

"I'm so glad to see you," she said, as she led me into her cosy sitting-room. "This is the finishing touch to my happy day."

"What has happened?" I asked. "I knew there was something the moment I saw you."

"Oh, I have had such a beautiful day!" said she, making me comfortable in a low rocker beside the stove, and seating herself with a sign of contentment—"such a beautiful day!"

"What is it?" I urged. "Has a fortune been left you?"

"I feel as if I had had two or three fortunes—or half a dozen," she answered, with a happy little laugh. "I will tell you all about it. I had been wishing I had somebody to tell—there, put your feet right up on that fender and get them warm. To begin with, things seemed different when I first woke up. You see, I had a good night, and didn't feel tired to start with, as I do sometimes. Then the sun shone so clear that my rooms were lighter than usual. I don't get much sunshine in here this time of year, but when it streams in early in the morning, it always makes a difference with my spirits. I do not suppose it ought to, but I know it does."

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In her simple way, the girl pondered upon the woman's words, and wondered what her life had been, and what it would be. Ah, who can say! As the circles of a pool into which a pebble has been cast widen and widen until the ripples reach beyond our sight, so the influence of a noble, generous act, though one the world might call a small one, goes on and on through all eternity.—*Our Boys and Girls.*

Grateful for Common Mercies.

I had been shopping, one cold winter afternoon, and stopped to call on an old lady, whose humble home was on my road. She met me at the door, her face eager and smiling.

"I'm so glad to see you," she said, as she led me into her cosy sitting-room. "This is the finishing touch to my happy day."

"What has happened?" I asked. "I knew there was something the moment I saw you."

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"Oh, you don't mean it; you don't mean that's my mother's bunt, and all for twenty cents!" exclaimed Jem, coming back just as the finishing touch was being given. "Oh, what lots o' violets! How did you git it so shiny? Oh, she'll be jes' tickled to death!"

It was a wonderfully happy little boy who gazed from the bonnet into the clerk's face.

As the door closed behind him, one who had been a silent spectator of it all went up to the young girl, and laying her hand on her shoulder, said: "This has been a lesson to me, my dear; a lesson that I can never forget. Out of the abundance with which the Lord has blessed me, I have begrimed to the poor and needy within my gate. Please God, it shall never happen again!"

wa'st glad to see those, for it just hands with, but I did not feel as if made my last month's rent, and I could spare the money for it just now; so, I tell you, I was glad to see that nice little cake.

And, as if all those things, were not enough, I had another letter this afternoon, from a friend out West, that I had not heard from in ever so long. I was afraid she was sick, or letter was lost, or something; but she had been to California to see her son, and that was the reason I hadn't heard. It was a nice, long letter, and I was so glad to hear. Oh, it has been such a beautiful day! If I never have another so good, I shall always have this one to think of, and that will be something. I like to have pleasant things to remember, don't you? Yes this has been a beautiful, beautiful day!" And she closed her eyes for a moment, while a smile of contentment played over her face.

As I walked home, I wondered how many of us would have summed up these few common occurrences into "a beautiful day." Only the refreshment that follows a night of rest, the sunshine, the tardy payment of a small debt, an order for work, a loaf of bread, some candles, a cake of soap, a friendly letter! But they were enough to make for one lonely woman a day always to be remembered as "beautiful."

—Emma C. Dowd, in *New York Observer.*

His thoughts than our thoughts! After scarcely twenty four hours' illness the silver cord is loosened—the golden bowl is broken; six little ones again are motherless; the husband is desolate; while parents, brothers and sisters are bowed down by this sudden sorrow. But how much comfort is theirs! How they love to think that the short life was so usefully spent—that she was so ready to answer the call, "Come up higher!" Though they miss the cheerful voice and the loving ministrations, they know that with her "it is well," and with hearts that reach out to her they read: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

S. E. S.
Poplarville, Miss., March 6, 1899.

Resolved, 1st, That in his death we lose a devout and faithful teacher, and although we feel the loss deeply, we humbly submit to the Divine will.

2d. That we cherish the memory of our departed teacher and tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the family as a token of our sympathy for them at this time.

4. That *The Baptist* be requested to publish these resolutions.

MRS. W. L. CHASE,
MRS. F. W. OSBORN,
MRS. G. W. MIMMS,
Committee.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas Sister Caroline Malinda Bolls, departed this life March 2, 1899. She was born August 21, 1845, which makes her 53 years, 6 months and 9 days old. She joined and was baptised into the fellowship of Red Creek Baptist Church in April, 1869, by Rev. Thomas Price, and lived a consistent Christian life for 30 years. She was a sufferer for two years of her life before death, being confined to bed three months of the time. She leaves a husband and five children, two sisters and four brothers to mourn her loss. But their loss is her gain. We sympathize with them, and may God's blessings rest upon them. In the last hour of her life she repeated the lines, "Jesus my all, to heaven is gone," with chorus. I am going home to die no more, in the full triumph of Christian faith. Funeral service was conducted by her pastor, the writer.

Resolutions of Respect.

J. WARLOW,
J. H. RAY,
J. D. MARION,
E. C. WEBB,
Committee.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from us, by death, our beloved Brother and Sister, S. E. and S. C. Dudley, and whereas, they were his own children, by grace, and through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and whereas, none dare to dictate to God, neither the time when, nor the means by which He shall take His own. Therefore, be it resolved, by the Utica Baptist Church,

1. That while we deeply mourn our loss, we meekly bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

2. That by the death of Brother and Sister Dudley, our church has lost two of its most faithful and most useful members.

3. That by their death, we are sure we but speak the sentiment of the entire church, when we say, we feel a deep personal bereavement.

4. That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, praying that great grace may be given them in their bereavement.

5. That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our church, and that a copy of the same be sent to *The Baptist* for publication, and another copy handed to the bereaved family, as a token of our sympathy.

Respectfully submitted,
G. W. MIMMS,
J. B. COLLINS,
Z. J. SCOTT,
R. B. LATIMER,
GEO. ROBERTSON,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY AND RESPECT adopted by the Sunday-school class of the late S. E. Dudley at Utica, Miss.: Whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom to remove from us our beloved teacher, therefore

Good Salesmen, who can furnish private conveyance, to sell our large line of tobacco in one or more counties in every section in the United States. Good pay to right man. R. H. PATTERSON, Tobacconist, THAXTON, VA.

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Little Folks.

Dear Dr. Searcy:

My papa takes THE BAPTIST, and Mother reads the letters from the little folks to me every Sunday afternoon, and I like them very much.

I am a little boy seven years old. I cannot go to Sunday-School regularly, because I have sore throat. I can read in the first reader.

I send ten cents for Cuban Missions. Your little friend,

JAMES WILLIAM RAY.
Oxford, Miss., Mar. 19, '99.

Dear Bro. Searcy:

I am a little girl ten years old. My papa takes THE BAPTIST, and I read the little folks' letters every time.

I will answer Ethel Aldridge's question, "Who made the ax to swim?" It was Elisha—2. Kings 6:3.

I will answer. Who was it that years did not make any older?

Enclosed find five cents for Cuban Missions.

Your little friend,
RUFFIE MOORE.
Carthage, Miss., Mar. 17, '99.

Dear Dr. Searcy:

I have an answer to the question, Who was born before his father? Cain was, because his father was not born.

I like to read the letters in THE BAPTIST. We all like THE BAPTIST.

I have a pet cat. You will find enclosed ten cents for Cuban Missions.

It is raining here this morning, and I can't get out to play.

Your little friend,
LOTTIE PALMER.
Blue Mountain, Miss., Mar. 14, '99.

Eudora, Miss., March 13, 1899.

Dear Dr. Searcy:

I am a little girl eleven years old. Grandmother takes THE BAPTIST. I like to read the Little Folk's letters. I go to school to Prof. Cavett. I like him so much. I am studying Geography, Grammar, Spelling, United States History, Intellectual and Practical Arithmetic. We have preaching four Sundays a month. Enclosed find ten cents for Cuban missions.

Your little friend,
EARL ERON SHEPARD.

Bywater, Miss., March 13, 1899.

Dear Brother Searcy:

I am very fond of listening to the letters in the Little Folk's Department. Mamma reads them to me, I have been going to school

to Mr. Nason, like to go very much. I went to Merigold last summer to see grandma Mathis and had such a nice time. I want to go back again. I enclose ten cents for Cuban missions.

Your little friend,
SOLON DOBBS.

Grenada, Miss., March 15, 1899.

Dear Bro. Searcy:

I am a little girl nine years old. My papa takes your paper and I like to read the Little Folk's Letters. I saw one of my little friends letters in your paper. I saw where one of the cousins asked who loved to read THE BAPTIST? I do for one. Hoping to remain a member of the Children's Club, I am your little friend. I send five cents for Cuban missions.

RUTH ESTES.

Durant, Miss., March 19, 1899.

J. B. Searcy:

Inclosed find eighteen cents for Cuban missions.

NO NAME.

Quitman, Miss., March 18, 1899.

Dear Dr. Searcy:

We take THE BAPTIST and like to read it.

We are two little sisters ten and twelve years of age. We go to school and have a nice time. We have a very nice teacher, his name is Mr. Horace C. Watkins. We live about two and a half miles from church; our pastor's name is Bro. H. M. Bunyard. We went to church today and heard a nice sermon.

We are glad that you have given the little folk's a chance to write.

We send ten cents for Cuban missions.

We have been going to school about five (5) months, and we have not missed but one day. We have to stand head five days before we get a head mark.

If we see this in print we will write again.

Your little friends,
EULA AND VICE CARTER.

Blair, Miss., March 17, 1899.

Dear Bro. Searcy:

This is my first attempt to write to THE BAPTIST.

Papa takes THE BAPTIST and likes it very much. I like to read the Little Folk's Column. I am thirteen years old, have two sisters and four brothers.

My papa and mamma are Baptists and I am too.

Enclosed you will find ten cents for Cuban missions.

Your little friend,
LOWRIE SHIRLEY.

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